NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
PROPRIETOR.

Volume XXXVII.....No. 84

AMUSEMENTS TO-MORROW EVENING.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Fourteenth street.—ITALIAN OPERA—HAMLET.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway.—THE BALLET PANTOMIME OF HUMPTY DUMPTY.

LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE, 720 Broadway.—WITCHES OF NEW YORK.

BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third st., corner Sixth av.—AS YOU LIKE IT.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 13th street.—THE VETERAN.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, corner of 8th av. and 23d st.—LALLA ROOKH.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston sts.—LA BELLE SAVAGE.

ST. JAMES' THEATRE, Twenty-eighth street and Broadway.—MARRIAGE.

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Broadway, corner 30th st.—Performances afternoon and evening—LURLINE.

BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery—HUNTING A TURTLE—BUFFALO BILL.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, Twenty-fourth street.—FROU-FROU.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.—SEA OF ICE.

PARK THEATRE, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn.—BUFFALO BILL.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.—COMIC VOCALISMS, NEGRO ACTS, &C.—JULIUS THE SEIZER.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Fourteenth st. and Broadway.—NEGRO ACTS—BURLESQUE, BALLET, &C.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 201 Bowery.—NEGRO ECCENTRICITIES, BURLESQUES, &C.

BRYANT'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, 23d st., between 5th and 6th avs.—BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE, near Third avenue.—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL, 585 Broadway.—THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.

NEW YORK CIRCUS, Fourteenth street.—SCENES IN THE RING, ACROBATS, &C.

NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway.—SCIENCE AND ART.

QUADRUPLE SHEET.

New York, Sunday, March 24, 1872.

CONTENTS OF TO-DAY'S HERALD.

THE "BLINDING SNOW STORM" which came down upon London yesterday was not our snow storm, and yet, this being the equinoctial season, stormy weather may have covered the Atlantic from New York to England.

FROM CHINA AND JAPAN TO SAN FRANCISCO comes another most valuable cargo, consisting of teas, silk and general merchandise, for distribution in the United States and Canada, British North America having commenced to patronize the transit through the United States. The winter weather just passed was of unusual severity on the coasts of the Asiatic empires.

PALM SUNDAY this, the day of the Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem and the beginning of Holy Week. Let our Christian fellow citizens, then, of all denominations, gratefully enter upon the solemnities of Holy Week this day and follow them through to the great consummation of man's redemption, and in a becoming spirit of humility, prayer and praise.

TEA AND COFFEE.—The House of Representatives has passed a bill abolishing the duty on tea and coffee, and the Senate has passed a bill to the same effect. Now, as the two houses are of the same mind on this subject, let them pass the same bill and give the people at least a cheaper cup of coffee for breakfast and a cheaper cup of tea for supper. If we can get nothing better, give us this bill, and let the taxpayers be thankful for small favors.

CONNECTICUT IS DOUBTFUL, because the strength therein of the out-and-out anti-Grant republicans is doubtful. If it were an established fact that they numbered five hundred men the State would be good for the democracy; yes, if the anti-Grant republican bolters bring over to Hubbard two hundred voters, they may elect him. If they fail to do this they will make a poor show for Cincinnati, and they may fail. Let every voter be brought out on election day, for upon Connecticut now depends the safety of our free institutions.

The Presidency—What It Was and Is—Malcontents and Bolters—The Cincinnati Convention and the Democracy.

The office of President of the United States, with its pitiful salary of twenty-five thousand a year, and its incessant annoyances, tortures and thankless drudgery, is not a desirable position. It was a place of stately ease and dignity under the old *régime*, from Washington down to Jackson, and, for substantial reasons, too often overlooked. Under that old *régime* we had a boundless virgin country, with a sparse population—some four millions in 1790 and less than thirteen millions in 1830. We had room enough through all this period for all comers, even in New York, and inviting employments for all. Living was cheap and abundant; labor was everywhere in demand. The public jobs, spoils and plunder, on the other hand, were small, and the politicians, instead of being hungry and desperate adventurers, as they are now, were generally men of substance and character. And they were not hurried through life in those days by railways and telegraphs; but the whole country, in all its pursuits prosperous and happy, jogged along as dro wsily as the daily routine of a Virginia tobacco plantation. The change came with Jackson: first, in his division of the spoils, and next in the introduction of railroads, and then with the swelling tide of emigration from Europe. And so the pursuit of politics, rapidly extending, became rapidly corrupt and demoralizing as the public plunder increased with our wealth and population and the expenses of the government. Hence the enlarged corruption, the widening ambition and the still increasing scramble from term to term among our hungry and reckless politicians for the Presidency.

And so through all this second period of the government, from Jackson to Lincoln, with all the persecutions and slavish duties entailed upon the President, only here and there have we had a man who filled the office regularly or accidentally, for only one term or part of a term, who was satisfied with it. Van Buren fought for twelve years for a second term, but was compelled to stick to his cabbages—his early Yorks and drumheads. Harrison, in one short month as President, worried to death by his office beggars, died and made no sign for the succession. Tyler got up a little national convention for another term on his own account, but it was a failure. Polk was ambitious for a second term, but he was ruled out. Taylor died in the White House from sheer exhaustion, as Buffalo Bill would die if removed from the freedom of the great Plains to a city milliner's shop. Fillmore fought for a second term like Van Buren, and with the same results. Pierce, like Oliver Twist, wanted "a little more," but it was denied him. Buchanan, as he rode up by the side of "Old Abe" in the same open barouche (a graceful act) to Lincoln's inauguration, was the happy man, and Lincoln was the melancholy one. No wonder, when poor "Old Buck" was bidding goodby to the fierce rebellion, which had risen up in his presence as his master, while "Old Abe" was entering upon his terrible struggle with it, and while General Scott, with all his warlike precautions, was uncertain as to the possession of the national capital at sunset.

With Lincoln was opened the third great period in our political history, and how is it going? How many patriotic politicians have we at this time who, directly or indirectly, may be counted as Presidential candidates? Their name is Legion, though only a few have blown their pretensions to the world. Last year, after the New Hampshire election, among the numerous Presidential race horses trotted out by the democrats were Hoffman, English, Parker, Hancock, Packer, Pendleton, Thurman and Hendricks; and the sleek and shining Hoffman, backed by Tammany, led the gay procession. This year, after the New Hampshire election, all these entries are withdrawn. From English to Hendricks these availables of last March are "down among the dead men," for even our worthy Governor is counted as dead as Andy Johnson. The late active democratic party has become passive. It is weaving around itself the cocoon of the passive policy, hoping to be changed from the ugly grub to the lovely butterfly by the Cincinnati Convention. And so there is nothing doing among the democrats in behalf of the usual regular democratic ticket. Mr. Belmont awaits the action of Gratz Brown and Carl Schurz and the upshot of their anti-Grant republican flank movement. Or the democratic party may now be called the cart stuck in the mud, and Mr. Brown has volunteered as the horse to pull it out. Mr. Belmont is waiting for this new horse, and expects him to go before the cart; but still, if necessary, the cart will go before the horse or without this new horse. Let it suffice, meantime, that all the democratic candidates for the succession, with the party itself, are withdrawn from the field, awaiting the issue of the Cincinnati Anti-Grant Republican Convention.

What is the prospect here? Here we get into a Dismal Swamp, which, like the Lowery swamp in North Carolina, is a strong defensive position; for in it a few men may hold their ground against a thousand. But how they are going to come out is another question. This Cincinnnati Convention is called by Mr. Brown and his Missouri followers to take such action upon the political situation "as may be deemed expedient." Broad margin, this. The Convention may hedge for Philadelphia or for the democrats, or it may adjourn to meet again, or it may fizzle out. The issue is uncertain; but, according to General Blair, Mr. Greeley and Mr. Tipton, it will be no fizzle. We think, too, that the list of republican malcontents, bolters and Presidential aspirants against Grant excludes the idea of a fizzle. Sumner, Bowles, Fenton, Greeley, McClure, Cox, Trumbull, Logan, Brown, Schurz, Tipton, and their anti-Grant republican followers, are a strong team, and they are all working for a grand gathering at Cincinnati, and most of them expect, each for himself, the Presidential nomination of this council of reformers. So there must be a nomination. The labor reformers have led off for Judge Davis, and he appears to be pipelaying for Mr. Brown's Convention, and, if Brown is willing, Davis, endorsed at Cincinnati, may be accepted by the democratic party. But it all depends on Mr. Brown.

We attach no importance to the intermediate "Democratic Republican" Convention called by the West Virginia friends of Mr. Chase, to meet at Parkersburg on the 18th of April. Mr. Chase, through the lamented Vallandigham, inaugurated the "new departure" for the democracy last spring, and if they ignored his claims then he may be counted out now, and he is too late for a new party. The Chief Justice—one of the best qualified men of his day for the Presidency—has been one of the most unfortunate. That was a bold experiment of Lincoln, the appointment to his first Cabinet of his rivals at the Chicago Convention—Seward, Chase, Cameron and Bates. But he pacified them all, except Mr. Chase, who became the President's only active rival for the succession, only to fail most signally at Baltimore. Next, on the new departure of the issues settled by the war, the Chief Justice appeared before the democracy, and was the very man they wanted in 1868; but they, in their supreme folly, whistled him down the wind. But he is not alone in his Presidential misfortunes, and will not be the only disappointed one whose last hope will flicker out in 1872. Sumner and Trumbull and Fenton and Greeley and Cox, of Ohio, Logan and Brown, and all the democratic schedule of '68, will be apt to keep him company; for in these days events move on so rapidly that the men of yesterday are left behind.

The road to the White House, like the original overland route to the California gold mines, is marked by the wrecks of unfortunate caravans. It is an old story, old as the world. Even under the administration of Washington, with us, the wrangling and squabbling among the politicians for the succession began, and, more or less, it has been going on ever since. Aaron Burr, in 1800, was the first prominent Presidential malcontent and sorehead, and to the political reader his subsequent disgraceful career will be all revealed with the simple mention of Blennerhassett's Island. From 1800 to 1824 it was plain sailing to the old republican party. But then we had a complete dissolution of the old parties, and in 1828, under Jackson, a reconstruction of parties, which from that day to this has been fruitful in Presidential intrigues, factions, disturbers and bolters. Jackson had to contend against a formidable band of Southern malcontents, headed by Calhoun, and they worried him exceedingly, but he was too much for them. They, in their turn, were too much for his chosen successor, Van Buren, as a candidate in 1844 for a second term, after his terrible defeat of 1840, for they cut him out. Yet he had his revenge in 1848, as a bolter, heading the free soil party, whereby he defeated General Cass, the regular democratic nominee. Under Pierce, in 1854, on the slavery question, the bolters from the administration came out in great numbers and continued to increase down to the general bolt and grand collapse of the party at the Charleston Convention.

The old whig party was also worried to death by its Presidential aspirants, rivals and bolters. It would have elected Clay in 1844 but for its anti-slavery bolters of Western New York. It might have elected Clay in 1848, when it nominated and elected Taylor only to lose him and to be weakened by Fillmore. It was completely demolished in 1852, in undertaking to run on the same slavery compromise platform with the democrats. But the particular blow from which the whig party never recovered was from the bolt of President Tyler, in 1841, and his formal excommunication in a Congressional manifesto. On the other hand, the bolt of Andy Johnson, in 1866, was the best thing that could have happened for the unity and harmony of the republican party. It opened the field and cleared the way for General Grant. And what can these disaffected leaders and bolters looking to Cincinnati hope to accomplish now against Grant, when, as a candidate for a second term, he has all the advantages of Jackson and Lincoln? The opposition forces may be fused upon one ticket, or divided upon three or four tickets, but the substantial result of the Presidential election will be the same, because the masses of the people are satisfied with Grant's administration, and they are wiser than the politicians.

President Thiers on the Papacy—The Triple Crown and the Sceptre of Charlemagne.

In the French Assembly on Friday last there was presented a scene which, even more than the proclamation of the Prussian King-Emperor of Germany in the mirrored chamber at Versailles, revealed the humiliation of France. A long pending question was brought up for discussion, and the Bishop of Orleans rose to speak. The question, as we have said, had long been pending; it was, besides, all important to France, to the Papal authorities and to the Catholic world. If M. Dupanloup had been allowed to speak we might have had a sensation—a sensation powerful enough to startle the nations. But M. Thiers has an advantage which is enjoyed by no existing ruler of a great nation. While he holds the Executive reins with a vigorous hand he has the right to appear in the Assembly; and, what is more important still, he has the ability, though over seventy years of age, to plead his own cause with convincing and converting results. The President pleaded for the postponement of the debate. The independence of the Holy See was dear to France; but nothing that France could now do could be of any service to the Holy Father or to the chair of St. Peter. The Bishop of Orleans could not resist the appeal of the President, and the Assembly decided that the debate should be postponed. All this, we think, is very well; but when we remember the glorious past of France—the France which in 1849 restored the Pope; which under the First Napoleon made the Pope a prisoner at Fontainebleau; which held the Popes for seventy years in exile at Avignon, and which since the days of Charlemagne has encouraged the Franks to believe that their nation constituted the right hand of the Papacy—alas! alas! we must say, after all that President Thiers and M. Dupanloup have spoken, how has the mighty fallen! The sceptre of Charlemagne and the sword of Napoleon are broken.

THE WEEK IN WALL STREET wound up with a lively trade in the railways and some of the miscellaneous stocks at advancing prices. Erie recovered to 51½, while Quicksilver preferred jumped seven per cent. Gold closed 109⅞ a 110.

The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race Yesterday and the Spirit of Manly Emulation in Sport.

The great eight-oared boat race between the English Universities, which forms one of the annual sensations of the United Kingdom, has again been decided, and this time victory belongs, as on the two years previous, to the boys who practice on the Cam and float the light blue pennant. The growing interest which our athletic manhood takes in these time-honored tourneys between the great English centres of polite learning and gentlemanly muscle is perhaps owing in a great measure to the gallant although unsuccessful race rowed by our Harvard boys on the Thames two years ago. By the side of this, too, we must take into account the steady cultivation of the manly sport among our young men, who find a healthful exercise and subtle fascination in bounding along by sylvan river scenes in their trim-built water skimmers. The notable triumph of the Ward brothers at Saratoga last year over the crack oarsmen of the Tyne, between whom and the London watermen there has long been a doubtful claim of superiority, has added the stimulus of emulation to our amateur aquatic clubs which they needed. The forthcoming race between the Atalantas and the London Rowing Club is instance sufficient of this, and we wish our plucky oarsmen every success in their trying contest with the formidable crew they are destined to encounter on the Thames. Much as our sympathy will be with our national representatives in the race, we are the more rejoiced that it will, however fickle Fortune throws her die, be a precedent in the future for numbers of international contests, amateur and professional, outside the pet circles of the Universities. Great or small as their influence may be in cultivating international amity, they are destined to exert a wholesome influence on both sides of the Atlantic, and whether the profit be in strengthening friendships or biceps it is eminently worth looking after. When we speak of popular sports in England it must be admitted by any one cognizant of the facts that so far as thoroughly fair and honorable dealing is concerned the palm which once belonged to the turf must at present be accorded to aquatics, where men of unsullied reputations contend for the honor alone of winning. The University race is perhaps the only one in England on which stupendous sums of money change hands in betting, on which all men feel that the decision will be to its most minute detail on the actual merits. We do not mean to fling any unjust aspersion on the numbers of high-minded gentlemen in England who patronize the turf, but simply testify to a fact, rather ugly it is true, but none the less to be looked at. The desperate straits to which reckless turf gambling has reduced so many, with the sinister whisperings circulated about the means used in some instances to retrieve fallen fortunes, has thrown of late years a certain discredit on horse-racing there, which gives the unassailable names of its wealthy supporters a good deal to contend against in upholding the sport of the blooded steed on the velvet sward in its olden untarnished position. We look for a reform in this matter, and hope to see the great hippic sport stand on the same plane of honor as its brothers of the oar and tiller.

The race yesterday was unfortunate in its weather. A severe snow storm, with a March wind sweeping uncomfortably along the banks of the Thames, was not encouraging. But the falling off in the jolly, enthusiastic throng, was more due to a canard sent up by some other goose that the race had been postponed, for the 'Varsity race has been rowed in a snow storm before now, and at early morning, too, without bating one jot the enthusiasm or the attendance. Of course their snow storms and winds are not exactly of the kind which blocked up the Pacific Railroad with sixteen feet drifts, and the Londoner who would acknowledge to his country cousin that any or all the elements combined would prevent him from witnessing the race would not be a fit member for a Christian tea party for months afterwards. Given fine weather and a sure race, the river that Rogers sung of as

Strong without rage; without o'erflowing,

presents a cheery sight of joyous humanity along the course from Putney to Mortlake, second only in spectacular impressiveness to the race for the blue riband of the turf on Epsom Downs. Lacking the half-million-voiced concentration of the run for the Derby stakes, it makes up in continuity. Any one wanting to feel the benefit of a social impulse need only mount along with the London Drabs upon the chains of the thronged suspension bridge at Hammersmith and watch the moment when the two contending crews in their skeleton boats first come in sight "launched on the bosom of the silver Thames," swinging along neck and neck at forty strokes to the minute. A yell of delight, of exultation and encouragement goes up which would hush to a murmur that which came when Pompey's chariot wheels appeared. If the Thames does not "tremble underneath her banks," as the Tiber was said to have done, it is because the foundations are sure. Along the towpath on the Surrey side and on every imaginable coign of 'vantage on the Middlesex shore, the cheering is kept up, while the throng of small river steamers, with the rival colors at their prows, follow in the wash of the judges' boat, puffing, blowing and crowded from the taffrail to the smokestack.

Although better time has been made in other years, yesterday's race appears to have been well and gamely rowed throughout; and while we congratulate the Cantabs it must not be forgotten by them that to make their record of the last three years they had to struggle through nine successive years of defeat. Indeed, their case began to seem so hopeless that its apologists, who lamented the apparent inability of Cambridge to achieve the long, swinging stroke of Oxford, said the difference lay in the superiority of the broad Isis as a training water over the narrow Cam. Now all this has been set at rest, and Oxford can solace itself in the thought that it was the Oxford stroke which gave the victory to their rivals. The glory of amateur sportsmanship is in its contention for honor alone. The Greek athletes in the Olympian games struggled only for an olive crown, and prized that beyond all other guerdons that the gods could give. We wish to see those classic days revived in every land, when, in rowing, yachting, horse racing and all the sports called manly, from their developing manhood best, the watchwords shall be honor, fair play and may the best only win.

Our Religious Press Table.

There is no music, sacred or profane, to be found in the columns of our religious contemporaries this week. The music of revivals, which we have all along encouraged, has given place to small organ-grinding on the score of politics, and peddling stuff about how daily newspapers should be conducted. The music of this season of Lent has not arisen to the grand necessities of the occasion. Our present Lent has inaugurated nothing new in the way of sacred music. Here our religious music *maestros* are at fault. Is it possible that the spirit of the great masters of sacred music has departed? It is to be hoped that it has not

In the meantime we find that such Catholic papers as the New York *Tablet* pay attention to the Presbyterian *Evangelist*, in regard to grants made from the State and city's treasuries to certain free schools and charitable institutions, founded and controlled by Catholics, and in the course of an editorial on the subject the *Tablet* makes the following remarks:—

The *Evangelist* does not see that, while it upholds State schools and charities and denies all public grants to denominational schools and charities, it is really making infidelity, if the contradiction will be pardoned, the religion of the State, and excluding all Christians, orthodox or heterodox, as non-conformists or recusants. The reason why it does not is plain enough. Its motive is to exclude Catholics and nothing else. The sectarians and infidels being the immense majority of the electoral people, they can control the action of the government and make the government schools and charities virtually their own; and, under their management and control, sectarians have a natural affinity with infidels, and would, as a rule, much rather see the world infidel than Catholic.

The *Tablet*, in another article, after quoting from the HERALD on the demise of Mazzini, exclaims:—

Poor Giuseppe Mazzini! the temporal power will be again restored, in all probability before the flesh is mouldered from his bones, and "the spiritual power of the Pope" will grow stronger and firmer from day to day, strengthened and consolidated by the very efforts of such as he to "destroy" it. Mazzini is gone; thousands like him will go, but the Church remains and shall remain. The "spiritual power" is from God, the cause of the Papacy is God's cause, and His divine promise stands recorded on the brazen walls of Time, that against His Church the gates of hell shall not prevail.

The *Evangelist* rejoices in "Brighter Days for a Dark Country," referring to Africa. "Of all the four quarters of the round globe," says the *Evangelist*, "the darkest and most hopeless to human eye is the Continent of Africa." Hence such explorations in Africa as those undertaken by Dr. Livingstone and the representative of the NEW YORK HERALD are of more than ordinary importance, and should be assisted by the religious missionaries from England and America wherever such assistance can be rendered, for the benefit of Christianity, civilization and science. It is possible, however, that the missionaries will call upon our non-sectarian expeditionists for assistance before the latter do upon them. Preaching and praying sometimes do a great deal of good among the heathen, but "paying" frequently does a great deal better.

The *Observer* (Presbyterian) appeals for a "Higher National Life;" not of industrial life nor church life, but that "higher life" to which it invites attention, not of Christians only, but all men, especially men of business and political men—the President of the United States, the heads of departments, members of Congress and of State Legislatures, Governors of States and Territories, presidents and directors of banks and railroads and insurance companies, both life and fire; merchants and tradesmen of all kinds, employers of others, contractors, and all men who have to do with financial or political matters, in which they are required to deal with those who seek their influence or assistance in any shape or way. Continues the *Evangelist*:—

Now, is it not time to make an appeal to the moral sense and conscience and patriotism of our public men and the whole people for a higher and better national life; for a revival of honesty in all the relations of society; for a more exalted sense of honor in official station, and a sterner resistance of the arts and wiles and works of the avaricious, crawling pimps and parasites, who fatten by the pickings and stealings that they get by fastening themselves upon men in office or station?

Of course there is a demand for this "higher life." But the persistent and irrepressible demands of "higher law" advocates have so damaged the "higher life" principle—if we can call it such—that it will, we fear, be a long time ere the wholesome desires of the *Evangelist* can be realized.

The *Observer* is now sending free copies to as many poor and deserving ministers as it believes it to be its duty to do. Why not do the same toward poor but deserving members of Congress and our State Legislature? The list would probably be very small, if the standard of the recipients should be confined to their poverty and deserts.

The *Christian Union*—Henry Ward Beecher—descants upon "Government by Party," concluding thus:—

It is natural to chafe at present imperfections and to look hopefully for some new and complete deliverance. But at such a crisis men ought to fully understand what they are doing. With such a course of things as we have supposed the question for voters would be, not between Mr. Trumbull, or Mr. Greeley, or whoever he may be, and General Grant. It would not be between men, but parties; between the old democratic party revamped and faced with a few virtuous and impracticable republicans and the republican party—somewhat battered by a long and stormy voyage, but sound and seaworthy yet.

The *Independent* takes for its text the New Hampshire election. Its conclusions are that New Hampshire is not only a granite but a Grant State, and says:—

Such will be the view of the great body of republican voters, even if a few anti-Grant leaders should practically unite themselves with the democratic party. While they would be dishonored and politically ruined, as false to their own antecedents and also to the principles of the republican party, they would not have a sufficient number of followers from republican ranks to change the result.

The *Examiner and Chronicle*—Baptist organ—has something to say about the daily press and sensational articles. It tells them (the daily papers aforesaid)

For whom this raking of the kennel after sensational news adapts their papers. Not for the low people, but for those who are developing tastes that lead down to that sad debasement. The person who relishes these gloating descriptions of crime is a person to whom there is danger that crime itself will lose its frightfulness in his unmoral interest concerning the criminals. There is real danger that the demoralizing influence of the news columns will overbalance the moral eloquence of leaders and paragraphs. The editor is responsible for the influence of both.

The *Freeman's Journal*—Catholic—in discoursing upon St. Patrick's Day celebration, says:—

There is a bitter sneer in the Puritan taunt at the Irish procession, that "it begins nowhere and disperses nowhere." It means that, immense as are the energy and the talent of the Irish, a more plodding race use it and turn it to their purposes.

Let us by method and organization of our forces, profit by the taunts of our enemies. But for us to do it we must begin at the altar of God. Let next St. Patrick's day in this city not be half Protestant and half pagan in its civic celebration. Let it be altogether Irish—that is, altogether Catholic.

The editor of the Boston *Pilot* (Catholic organ for New England) has had presented him a wreath of shamrocks from "Ould Ireland," accompanied by a pretty little complimentary poem written by J. C. Deady, of Kanturk, Ireland. The *Pilot* advocates for the laboring classes the use of lager beer and mild wines, the product of native grapes, as ordinary beverages, instead of the heavy stuff, now so common, called whiskey.

The *Jewish Times* gives us a paper upon "The Death Agony of Decaying Systems," a sensational heading for quite a sensational article.

Our country religious contemporaries are doing very well. They are keeping up the subject of revivals, and we expect to see that the matter of improved church music will next command their attention.

Hot Air Bathing.

We publish upon another page an interesting account, by Dr. Angell, of a journey he recently made for the purpose of observing the administration of hot air bathing establishments in various European countries. His travels extended from the ruins of an old Roman bath at Dublin as far as Constantinople, "girt with purple seas," at the opposite extremity of the Continent, and the article shows very conclusively the growing popularity of the "hummam" all over the civilized world. Twenty-five years ago there was scarcely a good Christian living who would not have scouted at the idea of a "perspiration bath" as a barbarous and hideously filthy absurdity. Increasing knowledge, aided, perhaps, by the glowing accounts by Mr. Bayard Taylor and other travellers of the ecstatic pleasures of the Turkish bath, has effectually changed all this. We now know that it is an eminently pleasant and cleanly luxury. Physicians, too, who are something better than quacks, are now to be found who openly advocate this form of bathing as one of the most efficient, speedy and safe of curative agencies in those forms of disease which spring chiefly from imperfect activity of the skin. While, therefore, we have learned not merely to endure, but to positively like the sensation of having our bodies thoroughly purified, the belief is fast spreading that in the "hummam" alone can be found a cure for certain maladies—such as gout and rheumatism and various nervous affections—which, though so sadly frequent among us, are almost absolutely unknown in countries where hot air bathing is the common luxury of rich and poor.

We have no doubt that the time will come when hot air baths, instead of being left to private enterprise, will be erected in every little town in the country at the public expense, and will be conducted upon exactly the same broad and far-sighted views of the public interest as have dictated the establishment of free swimming baths in Boston and New York and other cities. "A sound mind in a sound body"—and that the Turkish bath is a valuable means to this end is admitted on all hands—is clearly a legitimate boon for the State to secure to its citizens. It is very probable, even, that hot air baths would prove the most effectual remedy for the greatest curse of Anglo-Saxon civilization—drunkenness. Men usually drink to excess, not because they like liquor, but because intoxication is the only temporary cure they know of for certain species of nervous irritation. They have "the blues," and they do not know how to get their spirits up again except by pouring spirits down. Now, as any experienced Turkish bather will bear witness, a hot air bath is the surest and pleasantest cure for any kind of mental depression, however severe. Under the hands of the shampooer, the bather gradually feels all his faculties, whether of body or of intellect, recover tone and wholesome vigor, and he emerges into the outside world again in the full enjoyment of the very highest, perhaps, of all material pleasures—the pleasure of consciously healthy existence. Were this but more widely known—and it is pleasant to see that the Turkish bath is very speedily becoming one of our most cherished institutions—we should soon see about us a world of much happier people than at present.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SPAIN ON THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL POLICY.—Lord Lyons and Señor Olozaga, the Ambassadors of England and Spain at Versailles, had an interview with the French Minister of Foreign Affairs on the subject of the commercial policy of the republic yesterday. The cable account alleges that their Excellencies expressed the regret of their respective governments at the course pursued by France towards the trading interests of their peoples, and that the representative of Amadeus alleged the possibility of Spanish customs reprisals against French products under certain contingencies. If the free traders of Great Britain have secured the active assistance of the Spanish government, as they have already secured the sympathetic influence of the Belgians, this commercial duties question may become exceedingly serious as a subject for continental debate.

A VISIT TO MIRAMAR.—A HERALD correspondent, writing from Trieste, furnishes an account, which we publish this morning, of a visit paid to the now deserted palace of Miramar, where the unfortunate Maximilian and poor Carlota spent many happy days, previous to their ill-starred expedition to Mexico. The beautiful palace of the Austrian Archduke, by the waters of the Adriatic, which he loved so well, remains in the same condition as when he departed from it for far off Mexico. An air of melancholy, however, pervades these now silent halls, deserted by all save a few old faithful servitors, and the visitors who are occasionally drawn to the spot by the historic interest now attached to the palace of the dead Admiral.

THE CAPTURED CORRESPONDENT in the land of the Lowerys seems, from the latest news, to be placed in deadly peril, if, indeed, he has not already lost his life at the hands of the desperate outlaws. The latest despatch from the infested district gives us a terrible rumor that the gang, in some fit of suspicion, have shot the brave man who penetrated their swamp domain in the interest of the civilization with which they are at war. We sincerely trust that this may prove to be nothing more than mere rumor; but the statement of Rhody Lowery, the wife of Henry Berry Lowery, at Moss Neck, yesterday, certainly gives ground for grave apprehensions as to his fate.